

Crimson One

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Summary: Leader of Fire Team Crimson discovers that somethings are just not meant to be. he learns that what's really important is right in front of his eyes.

## 1. Appreciation

John sprinted through the canyon towards the wraith, side stepping plasma shots as the elite in the turret of the alien tank shot at him.

"Now, Crimson One!" John shouted over the com.

A loud crack was heard in the distance, as John watched the head of the elite in the turret split open as it's brains flew out onto the wraith. The gunner was down so now John had a clear and easy sprint to the large purple tank. He leaped high in the air and landed on the front end of the wraith with a loud clank. The dents he made in the metal kept him steady as he whooped out a plasma grenade and jammed into the wraith's metal. John jumped off the wraith and began to sprint for cover behind a large rock on the side of the canyon wall but he was just a little too late. Blue flames erupted from the wraith as it exploded and the force of the explosion sent John flying into the rocky canyon wall.

"Still with us Chief?" Crimson leader said over the com. No response.

"Shitâ€|" he said to himself. Crimson Leader ran to where John had hit the canyon wall. He was on his stomach not and not moving. Crimson Leader lifted John's left arm up away from his face. He knocked on John's helmet.

"Chief?" he said again.

John woke up. He was delirious and his vision was blurry. He slowly

pushed himself up to an upright position.

"Thank God, I thought you died on us" Crimson leader said.

"Arghâ€|" John shook his head fast to try and get himself together. He looked up to see a giant, red, armored figure kneeling next to him. "Spartans never die Sanchez. At least not in this kind of armor"

Sanchez laughed. "We can still get knocked the hell out though"

Petty Officer Nick Sanchez was a fairly new Spartan. He was the leader of Fire Team Crimson, and was a likeable but very adequate leader, and a hell of a soldier. He wore red MJOLNIR armor, just like the rest of Crimson, He grabbed John's hand and pulled him upwards.

"Beautiful shot by the way" John remarked.

"Thank you, Sir." Sanchez replied. He turned on his com "Pelican should be here any minute team. Grab the artifact like Commander Palmer said so we can bring in back to Infinity."

Three green lights winked on his heads up display, indicating that their orders were understood. The pelican that was to take them back to Infinity swooped down into the canyon. Sanchez and John entered the pelican as the other three Spartans loaded about a 3ft by 5ft Forerunner looking artifact onto the pelican and they left the planet Requiem, all they could talk about was what kind of food they were going eat when they got back.

The pelican landed in the larger hangar bay of the UNSC ship Infinity. Crimson Two, Three, and Four unloaded the Forerunner artifact from the pelican, John and Sanchez stepped out after them. As they exited the pelican, Commander Sarah Palmer was standing next the exit waiting for them.

"Hell of a job Crimson, you never cease to amaze me" Palmer remarked.

"Thank you Ma'am" Sanchez replied.

Palmer walked closer to him, and Sanchez' heart began fasten in pace. "you know Petty Officer you're really proving yourself out there to be real leader" she said quietly. "keep up the good work "

"I know I will Ma'am" said Sanchez, who tanner skin was now bright red. Palmer gave him a slight smile of approval and then turned to look at John.

"Well I guess all missions are successful when you got the great Master Chief with you" Palmer said extremely sarcastically. John just turned and looked at her, but inside his dark-green MJOLNIR helmet he was giving her a look of absolute disgust.

This always made Nick wonderâ€|why had Commander Palmer always been rude to the Master Chief. Was it jealousy, or something else? John was a very quiet and modest dude, very well respected not only by enlisted members of the UNSC, but as well as officers.

Sanchez had always liked Commander Palmer, maybe a little too much. Not only did he find her attractive but she always seemed pleased with his work which made him feel good. To other Spartans she came off as kind of a bitch who just needed to get fucked. This part of his life he kept a secret. Even though his fellow Spartans joke around and called Palmer 'his girl', Sanchez never would admit it. He couldn't imagine how awkward it would be if somehow Palmer, his Commander, found out that he liked her. He, John and the rest of Crimson walked out of the hangar to the armor bay to remove their MJOLNIR armor.

## 2. Crushing Blow

After late after dinner, usually when most of Infinity was sleeping, John went to the upper lounge. He liked to come here at this time, the lounge was usually empty. It was a large dimly lit room, and he came up here for his peace and quiet. He liked to sit down and look at his touch pad or just stand by the very large window that gave a beautiful view into space. He had also been going through a lot. He had just lost Cortana, and some 5 years before that he lost his fellow Spartans Kelly, Linda, and Fred. He didn't have a lot of time to think about all of that a lot with everything that had been going on while spending almost 5 years in cryo-sleep, from the Human-Covenant war, from the battles of the Halo installations, from the return of the Didact. John sat on the couch and scrolled through his touch pad.

"Mind if I step in?" a female voice said behind. John almost shit his pants. No one came up here this late. He turned around and saw Commander Sarah Palmer standing in the doorway. This was an even bigger surprise. He stood up at attention.

"No Ma'am" he replied, extremely puzzled.

"At ease it's after hours" Palmer said. You're in here a lot" she said almost disapprovingly.

"I like my peace and quiet. Don't get too much of it as a Spartan I'm sure you'd agree" he replied sitting back down. Palmer nodded. "How do you know I come in here a lot?" John asked her looking down at his touch pad.

"Well I try to come in here a lot" Palmer said walking up to the large window and looking out.

"What do you mean?" John said looking up in curiosity.

Palmer turned around and looked at him "YOU are ALWAYS in here. Yes I am a Spartan and DO agree with you."

"Well who's to say we can't share?" John said sarcastically.

"Well maybe" Palmer said back. "What you got on your mind John?"

This confused John, not many people called him John. Only Cortana, Dr. Halse, and occasionally Captain Lasky would ever call him John, or whenever he received an award, the officer awarding him would call

his name out. He certainly didn't expect anyone else to call him John, let alone an officer who didn't really seem to like him.

"Just a bunch of shâ€|stuff" he said trying to avoid this topic.

"No shit, I feel the same way" Palmer said back to him.

"Well what's going on with you then?" John said to her.

Palmer sighed, "I need a man"

John looked up, he was very confused. "There's a lot of men on this ship, I think they do a fine job"

"Noâ€|you're not catching my drift" said Palmer slightly annoyed.

"You're right I'm not" John replied.

Palmer turned away from the window to face John, then walked to the couch and sat down next to him.

"I need a man for myself" she said. "I've dedicated my life for the UNSC and humanity and I just can't find love anywhere."

"It must be hard" John said not really knowing what else to say. It was the first time he saw a soft side to Palmer and actually felt sympathetic towards her. "Someone who works as hard as you and who is as successful as you are deserves someone great "

Palmer looked him, she gave him a half smile. It looked to John like she might start to cry, and he wasn't going to have any of that tonight. He stood up, looked at Palmer and said "Anytime that you want to come, here feel free. Don't let me stop you. "

Palmer stood up with him. "Can I tell you something?" she said playing with her fingers nervously.

This made John a little nervous, he wasn't the most social of people and didn't know how to handle situations like this. "yes" he said.

"I apologize if I came off as a bitch to you in the past" Palmer said looking up at him.

"It's fine" John replied.

"it's justâ€|.." She looked down again "ever since you came aboard I just can't help admiring you. I really like you and I just get so nervous when you're around because I know you don't even think of me that way let alone anyone else."

John was speechless, no woman ever came out and confessed feelings for him like that. "Umâ€|Iâ€|"

"It's OK" Palmer said to him, "I didn't expect you to say anything, I justâ€|.." She paused and looked up at him. John was still looking at her. She came close to him, grabbed his arm, closed her eyes and kissed him on the lips. John stepped back, not expecting this or how to take itâ€|\_she's a commanding officer, she can't do that, I can't

do that, why me? Why would she kiss me? How dare she put me on the spot like that!\_

"I'm sorry" Palmer released his arm "I'm so sorry." She walked around him and headed for the door. John was still baffled. He had never had any feeling like this before. No one had ever shown him affection like that except for Cortana, who in John's mind could never be replaced. But this was different; he didn't have the stress of being shot at, or rushing to try and save humanity; no; this was different. This was a moment between two people in which war wasn't a part of; John liked this feeling.

"Wait" he said as Palmer made her way out. She turned around. John turned around walked closer to her, he grabbed her left arm, leaned in and kissed her. She kissed back, wrapping her arms around his neck. John grabbed her thick female Spartan thighs and picked her up. She wrapped her legs around his torso and John squeezed her ass. The two made out for a while until someone stepped into the room.

Nick Sanchez had entered the lounge with a bottle of iced tea and. He looked up, and what he saw almost made him pass out. John was holding the woman he liked up while her arms and legs were wrapped around him as the two awkwardly stopped making out to look at him. His stomach began to churn and he felt like he was going to be sick. He knew he would never have a chance with her but the sight was still painful to see.

"Umm; my bad guys" and he turned around in a hurry so he wouldn't have to see any more of this disaster.

Palmer dropped from John's grasps "I should probably go now."

"Yea I uh; John tried to find the right words "I should probably get to bed now"

"Yea me too" Palmer leaned in and kissed him once more before turning away and walking out of the lounge. John stood there, ecstatic and embarrassed at the same time. He had found someone to love tonight, this gave him butterflies in his stomach. On the other hand though, he had just been caught making out with the Spartan Commander while at the same duty station by a fellow soldier. John almost wished it was anybody but Sanchez, he had grown to like him, the two had become acquaintances because they worked so much together. John was sure that he wouldn't tell anyone, not only because he was a classy guy and probably didn't care too much, but the fact that he would have to jump the chain of command, and that could lead to conflict nobody wants to deal with.

On the walk back to his dormitory, Sanchez kept repeating what he had seen up at the lounge over and over in his head. He knew there was nothing he could do to win Palmer over. She was his Commander, plus how could he possibly compete with the Master Chief after all he's accomplished? He couldn't, and there was no point dwelling on it. He knew he needed rest, the next was the joint operation with Fire Team Majestic at Galileo Base. He needed to be ready for that.

### 3. Quick and Painless

"Sanchez!" Spartan Paul DeMarco jogged to the entrance of the pelican

where Sanchez had been sitting. "You brief you team on what we're doing? I definitely wanna get this right, maybe I can finally get on Commander Palmer's good side if you know what I mean."

"Yup, they've been briefed" Sanchez replied just wanting DeMarco to get away from him. Sanchez always had mixed feelings about working with DeMarco, Majestic was a great group of Spartans but he always wondered how DeMarco became their fire team leader. He seemed to lack discipline, at least for a Spartan. He seemed like he wanted total control.

"You good bro?" DeMarco asked. " You look like an ex-girlfriend of yours punched you 'cause you owed her child support"

Sanchez laughed "Nothing THAT bad"

"Alrighty" DeMarco said raising his eyebrow "Form up Majestic!"

Commander Palmer strode into the hangar. She had her white MJOLNIR armor on and she was carrying her helmet in her hand. Sanchez looked at her, imagining what it would be like to be the Master Chief last night in the lounge, kissing her, caressing herâ€|I guess it was all too good to become true for him. He stepped out of the pelican, he had all his armor on except his helmet.

"Crimson, let's form up next to Majestic" he told his team.

Crimson did as he said. Just after they had formed up Commander Palmer strode in front of them to brief them once more. Sanchez could tell she was in a very good moodâ€|and he obviously knew why. Just the thought of it made his stomach churn.

"At ease Spartans" she said to both fire teams "There are five Covenant generators that need to be destroyed. I suggest you pair up. There are 10 of you so this should quick and painless. Get on the pelican, and figure out who's going with who to which generator"

"Yes Ma'am!" Nine Spartans said collectively. Sanchez didn't respond. He looked at Palmer once more, but this time she was looking at him. She gave him a nod and he returned the favor. He boarded the pelican and the rest of the Spartans followed his lead.

"Ok, let's make it simple" said DeMarco on the pelican as it was taking off for Requiem. "Person sitting across from you is your partner for this mission, this way there's one Spartan from each team together."

"Yea that sound good" Sanchez responded. The Spartan sitting across from him was Tedra Grant of fire team Majestic. She was a quiet person but always greeted Sanchez when she saw him. She had short red hair and hazel eyes. To Sanchez she could be somewhat attractive is she didn't have such a boyish look to her but she had a hell of a shot, and Sanchez was pleased he was being paired up with her. "Looks like we finally get to work together Grant" she said to her.

She laughed "Ya we'll be the first done." She had a strong British accent.

"I can bet on that" Sanchez said back to her. Grant equipped herself with a Designated Marksman Rifle, most people called it DMR for short, and a M6 Magnum pistol. Grant never wasted a bullet with her DMR, if she saw something on her scope it died. The pelican roared and was ready for take off, it left the hangar with ten Spartan aboard, ready to complete their mission.

A few minutes later the pelican slowed than came to a complete halt. The exit opens up and ten Spartans left the pelican two at a time.

"First generator is a half a click to the east, Grant and I will take down that one" Sanchez began to explain. He gave all the paired up Spartans the locations to the generators "We will rendezvous here when all generators are destroyed. Once they're destroyed, Covenant and Promethean forces will be alerted but It wont be anything we cant handle just get back here as quick as possible once your generator is destroyed. Everyone got that?"

"Got it" they all said back to him.

"OK then, let's move"

#### 4. Promethean Knight

Sanchez and Grant ran from Galileo Base into the forest. There was a narrow dirt trail that started at the edge of the forest. The two Spartans halted, Grant dropped to a knee and scanned the area through the scope of her DMR while Sanchez remained standing and did the same with his sniper rifle. Sanchez equipped himself with his usually shotgun/sniper combination, one for close range one for down range.

"All clear for now" Grant said with caution.

"I'll look down range" Sanchez told her. "You look left and right"

"Got ya" she replied. The two continued cautious down the trail and after a few minutes, Grant lowered her gun. "Sanchez I'm not seeing anything near us."

"Keep looking just until we see the end of the trail" Sanchez said.

The two kept going until they saw the end of the trail. Sanchez dropped to a knee and zoomed in on his sniper.

"OK" he said confidently "See that patch of dirt at the end of the trail?"

"Ya" Grant answered "I'm also seeing heavy Covenant activity in that area "

"Well were gonna have to make it loud" Sanchez said to her "Wanna start here then flank 'em?"

"How 'bout I go left and you take them out here and draw their fire" Grant said back to him. "I'll take out that generator"

"Sounds good to me" Sanchez said confidently "Go when you're ready"

"See you when I get back" Grant put her gun on her back and ran to her left, dodging and propelling off of trees showing off her Spartan reflexes. Sanchez remained crouched, looked through his sniper scope, saw a blue armored elite on a plasma turret to the left, steadied his aim, and squeezed the trigger. The head of the elite exploded into a spray of purple blood as the bullet went right through its eye. He looked for his next target, right behind the turret was another elite. He pulled the trigger again and shot the elite right through the neck and it collapsed face first into the turret. Sanchez felt his energy shield drain to half as glowing purple needles cracked on his armor. Two jackels returned fire, each running in his direction as a trail of purple needles continued to follow him. He dropped his sniper, and looked up grabbed a thick bark of tree, pulled and threw himself up the tree and the trail of needled stuck to and exploded at the bottom of the tree. He pulled his shotgun, pumped it, and jumped down. He landed and crushed one jackels shield and body under it, and blasted the other jackel away with his shotgun. He picked up his sniper rifle, put it on his back, and ran to the large patch of dirt ahead to assist Grant.

"Grant, Your position!" he said over com while sprinting.

"Sanchez get away from this area!" she yelled over com.

Sanchez slowed his pace "What do you mean? Where are you?" Sanchez felt the planet beneath him shake, a gut-wrenching sound, and a blinding flash of blue light. He lost his balanced, dropped his gun, and fell backwards "What the fuck?"

"Generator destroyed" Grant said to him over com.

"Already howâ€|" Sanchez stood up and picked his shotgun. He walked forward onto the large patch of dirt. There were at least a dozen grunts, a few jackels, and a couple of elites with bullet wounds in their skulls.

"Wellâ€|" Sanchez looked around at the dead Covenant with blue and purple blood oozing out of them "Quick and painless right?" He looked up at the giant burning generator "How did you -"

"Plasma grenades" Grants said proudly "They do wonders."

"Damn good job" Sanchez said to her still looking around at the dead covenant that she dropped in disbelief.

"Thank you" she replied.

"Majestic, Crimson, it's Sanchez" he said over com.

"Go ahead Sanchez" DeMarco replied.

"Grant and I destroyed our assigned generator, we're heading back to the base now, how far along are all of you?"

"Already!?" DeMarco said in disbelief "Most of us are still hip deep in shit right now!"

"I told you we'd be the first done!" Grant said excitedly.

"I guess we should go help" Sanchez said to her.

The two made their way back down the narrow dirt trail. As the neared the exit, they heard an ear-tinging screech. The two Spartans halted with their guns at the ready. They looked around.

"That sounded like a Promethean Knight" Grant said urgently to Sanchez. He looked around, he didn't see anything untilâ€¦

"LOOK OUT!" Granted screamed to him. He turned to look back in the direction of Galileo Base, but felt a force so powerful against the right part of his armor and went flying like a baseball into a tree. He hit hard. He felt and heard the wood of the tree behind him crunch. He dropped and fell face first into the dirt.

## 5. Unbearable Pain

Sanchez Pushed himself up. He was groggy, and his vision was blurry for a moment. His energy shield was drained. He shook his head, regaining his eyesight back and looked up towards the knight that just rocked his world. It was screeching and spinning like it was trying to throw something off of itâ€¦or someone. Grant had jumped on the knight's back and began stabbing it mercilessly. When it finally disintegrated into bright yellow light, she dropped and ran to Sanchez's position. She bent over and helped him up.

"Are OK?" she asked him.

"Yeaâ€¦" he said out of breath "Knocked the wind outta me that's all" he bent down and picked up his sniper that he had dropped after being hit by the knight, attached it to his back plate, and pumped his shotgun.

"Crimson, Majestic be advised! Several Promethean tangos surrounding Galileo base! I repeat several prometh-"

"DeMARCO TO COMMAND! WE HAVE MULTIPLE-"

"CRIMSON, MAJESTIC! THERE ARE SEVERAL COVENANT DROPSHIPS APPROACHING GALILEO BASE! ABORT YOUR OPERATIONS AND FOLLOW SPARTAN DALTON'S BEACON!" Miller Screamed over com.

Sanchez and Grant looked at each other. Sanchez activated his com gear, "Sir, What's going on!? Need answers-" he pausedâ€¦he heard somethingâ€¦the rustled in the trees made him look around. "Grantâ€¦we gotta move!" Prometheans crawlers, knights, and watchers were closing in on the from their north, west, and east.

"Let's Go! Dalton's pelican in southwest from here, we just have to follow the beacon" Grant shouted to him. Two readied there weapon and sprinted back down the dirt trail. They shot any crawlers that closed in and jumped to towards them until they reached the large patch of dirt were they once were to destroy the generator. Once they crossed over the patch of dirt, they each turned around to face the enemies and threw frag grenades in their direction. The grenade exploded, eliminated a few crawlers and two knights as the aliens burst into

bright yellow goo. The Spartan's energy shields were at a quarter strength from all of the fire they had taken from the Prometheans laser like weapons. They continued to sprint. Prometheans still following them.

"I'm out of shotgun ammo! How many grenades you got left!?" Sanchez said to Grant while running.

"One frag, two sticky!" she replied back to him. She too was out of DMR ammo, and now only had a pistol. Sanchez had one frag grenade left. And his sniper rifle.

"Throw them in all directions!" they turned around and did just that. In the distance, explosions erupted the soil of the forest and bright yellow ooze was flung across tree bark. They turned back around and ran, the beacon they been following was getting farther and farther away.

"Sir! It's Sanchez! How long do we gotta keep running? Your beac-"

"Be advised! Warthog at your twelve Sanchez!" Miller said over com.

Both Spartans looked straight ahead, the large patch of dirt ended and they now were out of the forest looking at gigantic field of tall grass. They ran faster now that there were no obstacles. They were still taking fire from the Prometheans, not a whole lot, but enough to let them know they were still a lot of them behind them. Sanchez heard a noise in the distance, he zoomed forward on his heads-up display, and saw the taller grass being flattened by an incoming vehicle.

"Warthog dead ahead Grant!" Put a hand up so they can stop" she did as he said, he too began to run with his hand up. The warthog honked in acknowledgement. It turned, stopped, and drifted towards the two Spartans.

"Need a ride?" the driver said jokingly to them. Sanchez knew immediately that it was a Spartan, and who the Spartan was. The Spartan was wearing white MJOLNIR armor, only one Spartan on Infinity wore white armor.

"Good to see you two alive" Commander Palmer said to them.

"Thanks Commander" Grant said to her. "Chief?"

"Looks like you guys have been running for a while" John said to each of them. As he began to unload the minigun turret on the Prometheans.

"Yessir!" Grant said in a hurry. Shit load of Prometheans on our tail! Let's get the hell outta here!" She and Sanchez hopped into the warthog, Grant getting back and Sanchez getting front. Even in the midst of all that was going on, sitting next to Commander Palmer brought back thoughts about what he had seen just last night. John and herâ€|togetherâ€|I just don't...waitâ€|what am I doingâ€|he quickly snapped out of it, turned sideways in his seat and looked down the scope of his sniper at the Prometheans chasing them. He squeezed the trigger, picking off a three knights in the process. He

continued, shot four timesâ€| reloadedâ€|shot four times, until he was out of ammo completely.

"The pelican is about a mile and half away now. When we get there everyone jump out and jump right on the pelican, there are multiple phantoms in the sky!" Commander said firmly to them. John was letting it rip on the turret. Bright yellow ooze was being splashed everywhere on the grass field like it was a pool party out there. Out of the corner of his eye he saw about four or five figures emerging fast from the trees beyond from his left and right.

"Spartan Miller to ALL Spartans, check your fire, you guys are approaching each other!"

"It's other warthogs" John said to reassure himself and the other Spartans with him.

"Good to see that they are alive" Sanchez said to Grant in the back seat.

She nodded "Damn good thing, that's why they send US in for stuff like this"

"Approaching the LZ now Dalton! Have those pelicans-"

"Sarah-" John said in an extremely concerned tone. Everyone in the warthog turned around and looked at him. The Master Chief never sounded concerned. John's eyes were now focused on the sky. Several, phantoms emerged over the horizon of the forest beyond. Palmer stepped on the gas. "I MEAN IT DALTON! WE'RE ALL TOAST IF WE DON'T MAKE IT OUTTA HERE NOW! COMING UP ON YOUR POSITION!"

The warthog came to a violent halt. All the Spartans were thrown out of the vehicle, onto the thick grass. The other warthogs came to a similar stop, and the two pelicans engines roared as they prepared for lift off. All of the Spartan got up and ran to the pelicans. Sanchez looked up, the phantoms were getting closer and closer as they launched plasma rockets towards their position. He turned away ran toward the pelican. Spartans began to hop on the pelican and Sanchez ran faster. He was almost there when he felt his body shake violently, he was propelled sideways to his left. He was flying end over end and eventually smacked sideways onto the grass. He lay there, unable to move with an unbearable pain flowing through his right leg. "Fuck! NOOOOOOO!"

## 6. Not Left Behind

Sanchez rolled to his right onto his back breathing heavily, he was in a lot of pain. His leg from the knee down had been completely blown off. He made no attempt to move or get up, the pelican was already lifted from the ground. This is it? He thought to himself, this is how I go out?

Aboard the first pelican, there were five Spartans. They all looked around at each other.

"Where's Sanchez?" Commander Palmer asked the crew.

"He was right behind me whereâ€|" Grant began. She moved to the back

of the pelican and looked down. John and Palmer joined her. What they saw made their stomachs churn violently. Sanchez, their fellow soldier was lying in the grass with a half of a right leg, not moving.

"Oh my god, I'm going after him" Grant said frantically.

"We're gonna get roasted if we sit here any longer Spartan!" the pilot yelled.

"Hold on Petty Officer" John said to Grant as he put a hand on her shoulder "You're gonna need some help" He picked up a rocket launcher that was stationed to his left on the pelican.

"Lieutenant! Drop this pelican now! We're going out to get him!" yelled Palmer to the pilot "Grant! Let's go!" and the two Spartans jumped out of the elevated pelican. Three Covenant drop ships were now less about a hundred yards away from the pelicans. John planted the rocket launcher on his right shoulder, looked through the scope until he locked onto the canon on the front of the phantom, and fired. The recoil jolted him back a little, but he kept his eyes on the rocket until it hit directly on the canon as it exploded into blue fire. This made the phantom shift back a little bit.

Grant and Palmer ran to Sanchez's side. He laid their moaning in pain.

"Jesus Sanchez we're gonna get you outta here you're gonna be fine" Palmer said to him.

"Get outta here" he said in a raspy voice "You're gonna get yourselves killed here"

"If you think for a second were leaving you here" Grant said to him.

Sanchez looked at her, then looked at Palmer. He couldn't convince them to go. They each bent over, Grant took his head and picked it up. Palmer picked up his left leg, he winced in pain, and they walked him towards the pelican.

"Firing!" John fired the rocket launcher again, this rocket hit the left deck of where the plasma turret was and exploded, sending bodies of jackels and grunts out of the drop ship, and it began to spiral out of control. John looked slightly to his right, another phantom was advancing. It fire another plasma rocket in the direction of the pelican. "INCOMING!" he yelled as a bright blue plasma ball was closing in on them.

"Heard that! Brace yourselves!" the pilot shifted the pelican quickly to the right. The Spartans on the pelican went crashing into the right wall of the pelican hitting weapons and ammunition. John had just barely seen the blue plasma rocket zoom by the left side of the pelican. The Pelican straightened and John got to his feet "Nice one Sir" John complimented the pilot. He reached to for ammunition, loaded the rocket launcher, but before he could get ready to fire, a bright line of red light came from the left of the pelican hitting the plasma canon on the phantom in front of his pelican. The canon exploded into blue fire. John stepped forward and peaked out of the pelican. Spartan Paul DeMarco was holding a Spartan laser on his

shoulder over on the second pelican.

"We gotcha guys" DeMarco said over com. He took the Spartan laser, recharged it, and fired another laser as it hit the next closest covenant drop ship to them "That should buy you a little time! Get that Spartan on board and let's get the fuck outta here!"

"Thanks DeMarco" Palmer said as her and Grant stood by waiting for the pelican to lower "You really out-did yourself this time." The pelican landed and the two Spartan carried Sanchez on board.

"Closing her up!" yelled the pilot "Better have everyone this time!" Both pelicans took off for the sky. John pulled a first aid kit from off of the wall. He kneeled down, and cut into Sanchez's skin suit on his left arm and ripped it open. He opened the first aid kit, pulled out a needle full of medication and sunk it into Sanchez's vein to numb the pain.

"You're gonna be fine kid" John said to him reassuringly "Petty Officer, hand me the bio foam". Sanchez nodded, he took off his helmet and threw it to the side. He kept his eyes closed as the medication was putting him to sleep. Grant kneeled by his side. She grabbed his hand and squeezed it with both of hers.

"I told you we'd be the first done" she said in a sweet voice. Sanchez laughed, but then fell into a fast sleep.

## 7. That's What It Took

Sanchez woke up. All he saw was a blinding bright light. He squinted, and sat up a little to examine his surroundings. Commander Palmer was sitting in a chair next to his bed, and the Master Chief was standing over it next to her.

"Well you look like hell" Palmer said sarcastically as usual.

"Yeaâ€|How long was I out?" said Sanchez.

"Nineteen hours about?" Palmer looked down at her watch "More like twenty now"

Sanchez replied "So I guess this means I'm getting a robotic leg now right?"

"Yea" John replied "It wont be for a while though, your leg has to be completely healed"

"You wont see any action for about six months" Palmer said "Once your new leg is on, it's gonna take some getting used to"

"Damnâ€|well what do I do 'til then?" Sanchez asked.

"Just get some rest" she said back to him "I'm sure you'll need it, maybe take a little vactation time, go see the family. Then come back, and do some intel work until your back in your armor"

"How many generators were taken out?" he asked curiously.

"4 of 5 were destroyed" John began "Madsen and Frang had to turn back after they got the warning. 4 of 5 is good enough anyway, Roberts and Hoya took out the lead generator. There's no way the Covenant could have any advantage over us near Galileo Base now. The generators are down, so that means no more plasma, and if there's no plasma-"

"They can't use their weapons, rightâ€|Mission Success then?" Sanchez said hoping this wasn't all for nothing.

"Almostâ€|" Palmer replied "Grant and DeMarco took it upon themselves to destroy the last generator. Only bad news is the Alpha Wing of Galileo base was completely buried by the Covenant. They would've done more damage if they didn't a few of their drop ships didn't follow us and the pelicans soâ€|"

"Orbital defense took care of the rest I assume" Sanchez finished.

"Yea, but thank God those generators were out or they would've taken heavy fire" Palmer reassured him "You did great work out there"

"Good, thank you" Sanchez looked at the two of them. He looked at Palmer, then looked at John. He smirked a little, then suddenly got bold "So you guys still sneaking around at night?"

They both looked at each other scratching their heads  
"Uhhhâ€|"

"It's OK" said Sanchez still smiling "I'm not gonna tell anybody"

"This job can get stressful sometimes it was just-" Palmer started.

"Yes Commander I'm fully aware" he said smartly pointing at his half of a right leg. Thinking about it now, Sanchez didn't mind that they wereâ€|seeing each otherâ€|he was actually happy for the both of them. After all, he had bigger things on his mind, like the fact that he just lost his leg. "I'm actually glad to see two fellow Spartans put combat aside for once, and realize that that are humans and have feelings, maybe YOU guys should go on a vacation"

John and Palmer looked at each other. Palmer stood up, put her hand on Sanchez's arm and said "Just relax for now. I'm sure you will have visitors soon"

"Yeaâ€|Thank youâ€| for saving my ass out there yesterday"

"Don't thank us, Spartans don't leave fellow soldiers behind" John said to him. Palmer nodded with him.

"Grant was the one who saw you, she jumped out first without hesitation. I'm sure she'll be up here later, you two can talk then" she said almost like she was teasing him. "For now get some rest kid" Palmer said to him "That's an order" she said jokingly.

"Yes ma'am" he replied, he laid down and fell back asleep.

Sanchez opened his eyes.

"You're dinner is here Sir" said the young Navy nurse.

"Thank you Crewman Andrews" he said politely. After only two days in the medical wing, Sanchez had still not gotten used to the meal schedule. His meals were usually sporadic, it just depended on his missions. They brought him an Infinity Burger, chicken fingers, and a bottle of Galacticade, Just what is asked for except I wanted orange Galacticade, not green. He took a gigantic bite out of his burger and demolished it along with the chicken fingers in a matter of 6 minutes. Spartans could consume a lot. As he finished the last of his Galacticade, Sanchez heard a soft ding, and a sweet European female voice came over the medical wings head unit.

"Sanchez it's Grant, can I come in?"

He let out a large burp, as the nurse, Crewman Andrews, came over to his side.

"Should I let her in Sir?" she asked him.

"Yea she can come in"

The doors slid open sideways as a large female figure wearing blue MJOLNIR armor stepped into the wing. "Having fun yet?" Grant said jokingly.

"So far, I know eventually I'm gonna be bored outta my mind" Sanchez said to her "I heard you and DeMarco finished off that last generator"

"Ya" she said putting her hands on her hips. "Spartans finish what they start"

"How many slogans do Spartans have?" he said laughing.

"We're just that badass you know" she said sarcastically.

Sanchez calmed his laugh and looked down, then looked up at her "You saved my ass out there yesterday, heard you were the first one to jump out."

Grant crossed her arms and leaned her hips to the side. She sighed and looked down at him smiling as her face got red. "Well I wasn't about to leave you there. Plus you saved my ass that one time"

Sanchez lifted an eyebrow "When?"

"When you broke the elite's neck on Land Grab who was about to stab me and Thorne with an energy sword" she said trying to get him to remember "That's was our first joint operation together"

"OOOOHHH, now I rem<sup>ain</sup> that was a long ass time ago" he said dramatically. Grant looked at him, and he was looking back. She unfolded her arms and walked over to the bed.

"Long time ago or not" she began as she bent over the bed until she was nose to nose with him as he was looking into her hazel eyes "I

still owed you one" she closed her eyes and kissed him, locking his lips with hers. His kissed back and touched her face as they locked tongues, this went on for a few seconds until Crewman Andrews walked into his room.

"Petty Officer, I got your-" she stopped and saw Grant and Sanchez kissing. The two stopped what they were doing and looked at her "Medsâ€œ!" she finished awkwardly "I'm sorry"

Grant laughed "You're fine, come in" she turned back to look at Nick "Let me go take this armor off, I'll be back up in a little while" and she leaned in and kissed him again quickly.

Sanchez laid there, lost for words. As Andrews handed him a cup of water and pills to take, he said "I had to lose my damn leg, to finally figure it all out."

END

#### 8. EPILOGUE

Just wanna thank everyone who read this, I hope you enjoyed it. I'm not a writer, played too much football few years ago and got hit in the head too many times so don't judge me for grammar or spelling mistakes. Big Halo fan, it's one of only 3 video games that I play and I love the Halo stories and universe. This was my little twist to Halo 4 and the Spartan Ops stories (don't worry no spoilers for those of you who haven't played Spartan Ops), and feel free to let me what you thought of the story or how I could've made it better. I'm writing another story cause I had a ton of fun writing this one and that one will be available shortly. Thanks again.

End  
file.